

Design

We had it vast and busy, so abstracted. Then where to move?

To a no-return, the too abrupt, the seized spun-brittle? A sort of sand?

The risk of losing
is everything worthy

of lovers we must begin to love
those bartering behind (though
love's another form

of suicide). They've wearied telling
us to lighten, till

our old dance admits
their quickened eyes.

At that point, they move naturally
to betray.

What they brightly steal can never finish
well for us. We become the clowns
of spite to poison what is passing.